

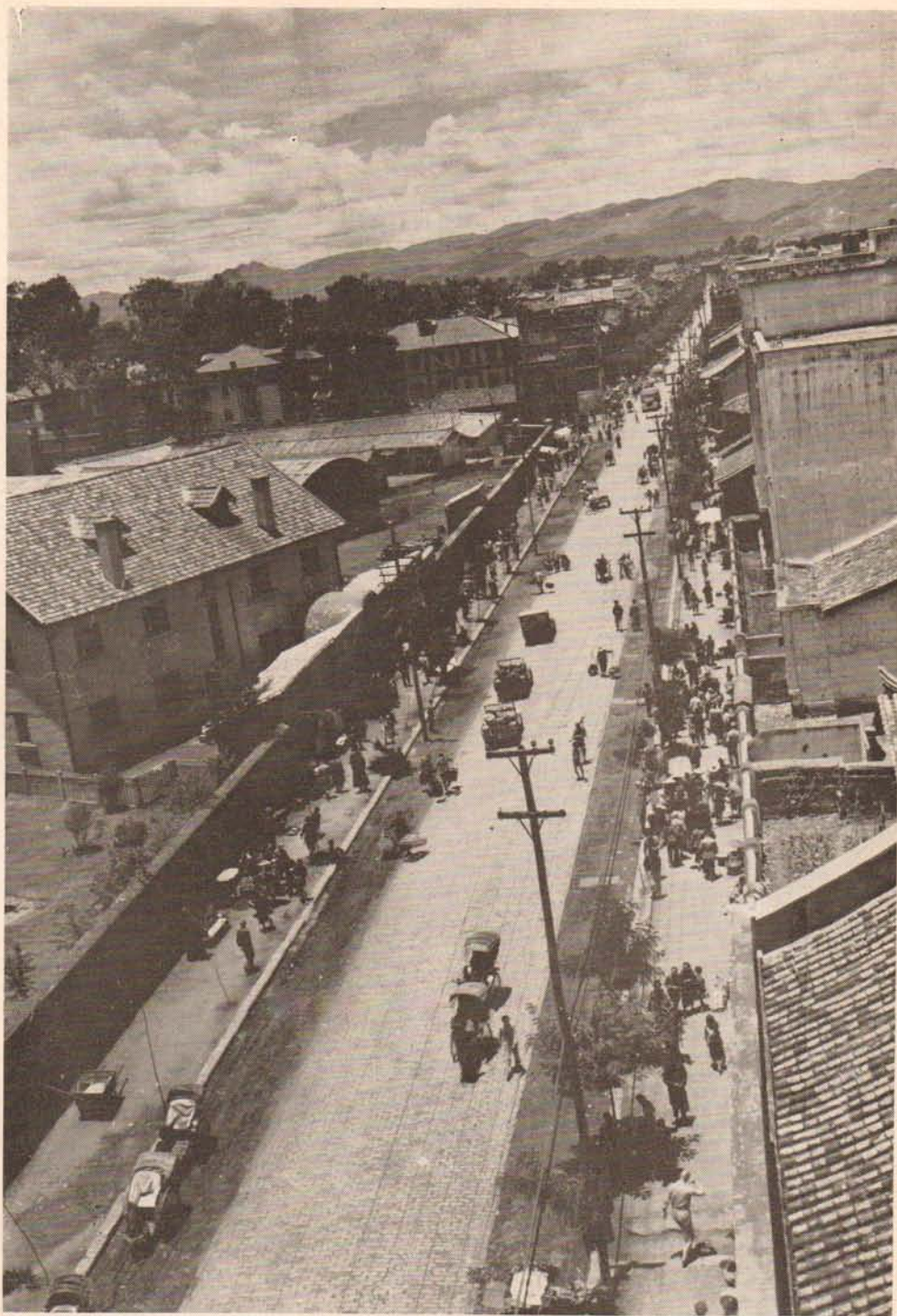
Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—



OCTOBER
1957





STREET SCENE in Kunming during the war. Early morning crowds are headed for market, on foot and in rickshaws and carts. American Jeeps make frequent business trips into the city. Sidewalk peddlers ply their trade. This was Kunming in 1945. Photo by Bill Safran.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 11, No. 8

October, 1957

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 1650 Lawrence St., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Clarence R. Gordon.....**Managing Editor**

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Hello again!** Those two months' rest were most welcome, and now we are as eager to get out this issue as we hope you will be to receive it. Most of our summer was spent in traveling the Mountain States area, wholesaling India brassware to retailers. We ran into many a CBI-er who made himself known with the statement, "I'm familiar with this — I brought some home with me!" We welcome those new subscribers to the fold.

● **In just** two more issues our \$100 story-writing contest ends. With the December issue we will ask all readers to send their vote for the best article to appear in the magazine during 1957. If you contemplate sending a true CBI story, send it soon before it is too late.

● **The 10th Annual CBI Reunion** at Detroit, August 8-11, was highly successful, as usual. A handful of men and women, including yours truly, could lay claim to having attended each and every Reunion since 1948. Only an extreme emergency could keep us from attending.

● **A few issues** ago we offered to purchase the CBI shoulder-patch for those who requested them, at 25c each. The local store which sells them tells us he has only 80 left and when these are gone the price goes up to 35c each. We will be glad to buy these patches for you at 25c each while they last. Be sure to send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

OCTOBER, 1957



Col. Gabrielson Dies

● Many of his friends will be sorry to learn of the sudden death of Col. Francis E. Gabrielson, on July 21st. Although we were both from Montgomery, I first met Col. Gabrielson at Ramgarh, India. He later served with the Z-Force and Chinese Combat Command in China. Col. Gabrielson was still active in the U. S. Army Reserve at the time of his death . . . Continued good wishes to Roundup. I couldn't do without it.

GEORGE B. DIBBLE,
Montgomery, Ala.

Irregular Reader!

● From time to time I am able to get my hands on a copy of Roundup and I have become so fond of the magazine that I would like to get it regularly. I hail from Toledo but have been out here in India since 1929. Our headquarters are here in Patna on the Ganges. We had the pleasure of meeting many of the GI's during the war, especially those who were based in Gaya.

Rev. R. A. WELFLE,
Patna, India.

Taj Mahal Hotel

● It was a shock to read of Barbara Rabideau's death. I had a birth announcement in March, a boy. They were some of my best friends at the conventions . . . read an interesting article about the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay. An Englishman designed the hotel for the courtyard to face the bay. When he returned from England to view the completed project he was so disappointed that he killed himself. I thought, when we were there a year ago, it seemed sorta odd that the beautiful courtyard faced the back street.

PAUL BURGE,
Ft. Worth, Texas.

Honored Guest

● An old hand from Bangalore and Chungking, Frank Keller, was a recent honored guest at our Basha dinner. Frank is playing first base for the San Francisco Seals and hitting at the great average of .362.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

14th Evac. Hosp. Book

● I sent a check in 1945 for a book that the 14th Evacuation Hospital published, but never received it. Was really proud of the 14th and would like to have the book? Do you know how I might obtain a copy?

MAURICE VANASSE,
1935 No. Hover,
Los Angeles 27, Calif.

Heaterless C-109's

● I've just reminisced through some old CBI Roundups and Hump Expresses and my hunger is whetted for more memories of those days in the CBI with the old 1345th AAFBU, in a rice paddy at Kurmitola, and bone-chilling hops over The Hump in a heaterless C-109.

RAYMOND F. BABB,
Union, N. J.



CHINESE AMBULANCE unit in Burma. Wounded soldier waiting for ambulance in foreground was apparently retreating, judging from his wound. Photo by Bill Safran.



STREET SCENE in Dibrugarh, Assam. Men at right are sitting outside a Hindu tea house. Photo by J. J. Kendrick.

Proud CBI Man

● Re the question in June issue, where would I prefer to have been sent if I had a choice, here it is: I had read a lot about India and always wanted to see it. I was C.Q. for my company at Ft. Warren, Wyo., and one night got nosey and peeped into a letter from Reg. Hq. addressed to the C.O. I learned we would be sent to the Orient, but I didn't dare confide to my best friend, not even after we landed at Bombay. I would not have missed the trip for a million tax-free dollars. What I saw and learned, and the experiences I went through and the places I visited, I'm glad I went. I don't envy my brother who went

to the ETO. And are there other organizations like CBIVA? Or another magazine like Roundup?

RAY C. MASSEY,
Mt. Vernon, Mo.

West Coast Reunion

● Roundup never fails to bring back memories of my stay in India, and occasionally one of my old buddies gets a letter in it and helps me to keep track of them. I sincerely hope that one of these years the CBI Reunion will be held on the West Coast and some of us will have a better opportunity to attend. San Francisco would be an excellent site, especially in August when the weather is cool and invigorating.

ROCCO V. PERNETTI,
Los Banos, Calif.

CBI Gold Stars

● . . . the greatest stories for the future in Roundup should come from the Gold Stars of the CBI who are still unable to forget the soldier sons who gave their all in Burma and China 13 years ago.

WM. MALLOY,
Harvey, Ill.

48th Supply Squadron

● Have sincerely enjoyed reading Roundup since I received a subscription from one of my good friends, Bill Vosburg, with whom I served in India. While in service I was stationed at the Bengal Air Depot with the 48th Supply Squadron.

J. S. FRUMAN,
Oak Park, Mich.

73rd Evac. Hospital

● Can't wait for each issue to arrive. Brings back a lot of memories of what was, we thought then, the end of the world or a "hell hole." I was in the 73rd Evacuation Hospital but seldom see anything about it in Round-up. I have a lot of pictures that were taken of the area around Shingbuiyang, 103rd mile mark on the Ledo Road. Would like to hear from any members of the CBIVA who are interested in reactivating the CBI Basha here in Omaha.

WM. A. PAPPAS,
4902 Dodge St.,
Omaha 32, Nebr.

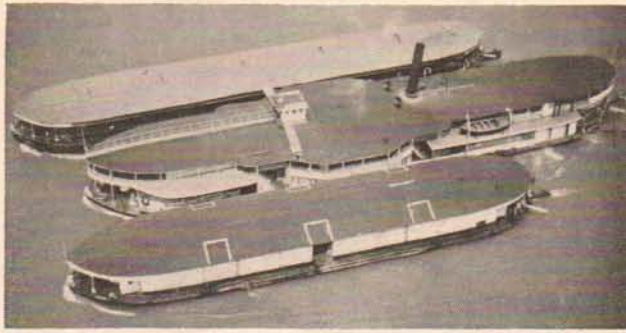
Iowa Basha Meets

● The Spring meeting of the Carl F. Moershel (Iowa) Basha was held April 27th at the "Club House," at Amana, Iowa. Exactly 76 members and guests attended. Dinner was at the Famous Ox Yoke Inn, operated by CBI-er Bill Leichsenring. A tour of the Amana Colonies was staged in the afternoon. Officers elected to serve for the coming year included: Max Hansen, Commander; Jack O'Donnell, vice-commander; Kay Brynie Howard, Adjutant. The next meeting will be held in Des Moines in October.

KAY HOWARD,
Iowa City, Ia.



DELOUSING PROCESS of Chinese soldiers. Troops were stripped and clothing thrown in strong chemical fog. Photo by Bill Safran.



AIR VIEW of river boat and barges on the Brahmaputra at Dibrugarh, Assam. Photo by J. J. Kendrick.

Japanese Error

● I would like to comment on the recent question re the possibility of Jap forces overrunning our defense positions and entering India. It is my belief that a strategic error cost the Japs the occupation of India. I believe that during the summer of 1944 the Japs had manpower and the machines for a combined pincer movement which would have given them control of India. The combination of the strengthened ground resistance, the shorter supply

lines for the allies and the pressure applied to the lengthened Jap supply line from Burma by our own (490th Bomb) Squadron and by squadrons of the 12th Bomb Group which was brought from Italy, brought about the downfall of this campaign . . . I was a pilot with the 490th and later the first commander of the Air Jungle Rescue Squadron, both under the 10th Air Force.

LEO J. KENNEY,
Cody, Wyoming.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer
MEMBER OF
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The Roundup

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To 'Shing' For Christmas

By Rev. H. G. Tegenfeldt

A Journey Along The Trail of War Camps in Burma

SHINGBWIYANG, shortened to "Shing" by many an American GI, lies at the northwest corner of the notorious Hukawng Valley on the Ledo Road, 162 miles from Myitkyina. From Shing, the Ledo Road winds up the steep slopes of the Naga Hills another 66 miles to the Indian border at Pangsau Pass, and after dropping down sharply through what the U. S. Army engineers termed "Hell's Gate," moves on to Ledo, at the upper end of Assam, India.

It had been more than 12 years since I had been in Shing as a refugee worker during the war years. Thus, the word received in December, 1956, that the Burma Government would permit the family of us to make a trip there from Myitkyina for a Christmas celebration was most welcome. Less than three years before, Kachin Christians had begun a little school at Shingbuiyang for Naga boys and girls, and now this year, something special at Christmas time was being planned for them. This news meant we could share in the celebration, and so the entire family of us were most pleased and excited!

Although our permission was good only as far as Shing, 25 Kachin young folks and teachers from the Myitkyina area were taking our church dump truck, and going on another 45 miles beyond Shingbuiyang to Namlip. They planned to observe Christmas first there, at another little school, and then on their return we would meet them at Shing, and share in the celebration there.

The family of us, with extra spare tires and cans of gas, plus a generator and projector for showing pictures, provided a comfortable load for our jeep and trailer, and in a happy mood we started off one morning soon after our Christmas festivities in Myitkyina were over.

The Ledo Road proceeds west from Myitkyina, and in rapid succession we passed both the "South" and "West" airfields, used so heavily by the U. S. Army Air Force during the war, both of them still in fine condition. The surface of the road, scraped once a year or so by the Public Works Department of the Kachin State, is in good shape for a gravelled road, and we drove along at more than 40 m.p.h.

In less than an hour we came to the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful little plain at Namti. The most striking thing there now is the newly completed sugar factory, with its brick buildings, and many little bungalows for the workers. The buildings were erected as a part of war reparations by the Japanese Government, and the machinery was purchased from Holland and installed by Dutch engineers.

Having made good time thus far, we decided to stop in and see the plant, and were duly impressed by its modern equipment. With a capacity of 1,000 tons of sugar cane per day (about 100 tons of processed sugar), this sugar factory ought to mean a great deal economically to this portion of the Kachin State. Sugar cane fields now dot the countryside around Myitkyina, and all along the railway line to the west and south, as far as Mohnyin.

From a point a few miles beyond Namti, the Ledo Road swings to the northwest, and after crossing some low hills, we found ourselves on the edge of the Mogaung River Valley. At mile 62, the rather long bridge had been washed out a few months previously, and the bridge contractor was just completing a much stronger structure, using H-20 sections left behind by the U. S. Army engineers when the Ledo Road was completed more than 10 years before.

Just beyond the bridge is a new village of more than 50 houses, almost all of them Kachins who have moved in during the past five years from the Shan States, 300 miles to the southeast. Their nicely kept little bamboo school, with the Burma flag flying from the pole at the top of the rise, is an indication of their energetic spirit. The government is providing them with a more permanent school building for the coming year.

After another 15 miles following the edge of the Mogaung Valley, we came to the Mogaung River itself, now low enough for even a jeep to ford it. The American-

built bridge went out one rainy season shortly after the war, and since then the usual little ferry made of two aluminum pontoon floats, operating from a cable suspended across the river, has been the means of crossing when the river is too high to ford. On the other side of the river, we drove along the edge of the airfield at Warazup, built in the days before the Ledo Road was finished, when the American Army needed a supply base in that area. The black-topped surface still looks quite good. Just at the end of the strip is quite a good-sized village, with a little state school by the side of the road.

A FEW MILES farther on, we crossed the Mogaung River again, at Shadazup, but this time by means of a permanent bridge, finished only about one year ago. Shadazup brought back memories of the time this was General Stilwell's forward headquarters, in June and July, 1944, when severe fighting was still going on in Myitkyina. At that time, on the steep hillsides on both sides of the road, were many tents and temporary bashes made of bamboo and tarpaulins, but of course now we saw no evidence at all of those days of great military activity.

Just beyond Shadazup it was fun to try to point out to the children the location of the little airstrip on which I had landed in a 2-seater plane in 1944, and saw there a Japanese prisoner of war being questioned by Chinese. They wrote out their questions, and he did the same with his answers, for although their spoken language differ greatly, there is enough similarity in the written characters for them to communicate in that way. But now, after all these years, one could approximate the location of the little landing field only by the absence of large trees.

We soon came to the sharp but rather short ascent which marks Jambu Bum, the hill which separates the Mogaung from the Hukawng Valleys. From there on, the road dropped only very slightly into the Hukawng, for its broad expanse is almost level. Just a few miles more and we could see the large village at Tingkaww through the trees off to the right, and we drove in for a brief "hello" (which included the invariable cup of tea) before continuing on our way.

At Tingkaww, the American Army had cut a swath out of heavy jungle, and built an airfield large enough for C-47's to bring in supplies for the engineers building the Ledo Road. When the war was over, the whole area was deserted, except for 4 or 5 houses of Hukawng Kachins. However, the entire picture began

changing in 1952, when Kachins from the Shan States began moving into this area. An energetic and forward-looking Kachin chief from near Mong-Yu, at the junction of the old Burma Road and the Ledo Road, more than 300 miles to the south-east from here, had travelled through the Hukawng Valley by jeep at the close of the war.

Seeing the vast expanses uninhabited, he decided to "go west," and spear-headed a migration of Kachins from his area. In a movement that reminds one a bit of the westward migrations in the U.S.A. a century or more ago, several hundred families have moved up to Tingkaww and carved for themselves a home in the wilderness. Some were a month on the way, driving lumbering water buffalo ahead of them. Others went "modern," and arrived in trucks. That first year, many would have starved, had it not been for government loans of rice. As it was, their great hardships caused a few to give up and return; but the majority have remained on and today one views with amazement what they have done. Evidence of their ingenuity in scouring the jungle for materials left behind by the U. S. Army abounds everywhere. Most of the houses are just 20 feet long or wide, for that is the length of the 4" oil pipe line most of them have used for the joists of the houses.

Down the main street of the village runs a 4" water main with spigots at convenient intervals. They have used this material to bring good water from a spring about one mile away. 55-gallon gas drums have been split open and used for roofing, walling for pig pens, etc. A number of hand carts are in evidence, all with solid rubber-tired wheels taken from various pieces of airfield and road equipment.

By many a house are stacks of GMC truck parts, oil line pumping engine parts, couplings and rubber washers for oil line pipes, etc., etc., etc.

In the center of the village is a saw mill, power for which is supplied by the diesel engine of a D-7 bulldozer. On occasion, the chief has hauled special orders of timber by truck to Myitkyina, 100 miles away, and been able to make a profit.

The comparatively small wet paddy fields along the sides of the little creek just below Tingkaww have been considerably enlarged by clearing the heavy jungle by hand, but mechanical equipment must be secured to do this on the large scale required. Until a tractor or bulldozer can be found, most of the new settlers have to go 11 miles or more farther down into the valley along both

sides of the Ledo Road to raise their paddy. Nevertheless, despite such obstacles as these, hard work has brought its rewards, and this year quite a number of families have had surplus paddy to sell.

This migration of Kachins north and westward out of the Shan States into the Hukawng Valley is still continuing, with perhaps another 100 families making the move during this dry season — some of them stopping at Tingkaw, but others moving on into other sections of the valley.

From Tingkaw almost to the Tannai River, the Ledo Road runs straight as an arrow for about 17 miles, right down through virgin country. The road is now built up high enough so that even during the heaviest floods its surface remains above high water. However, the bridges cause trouble at times, and we had to detour past one of them, for the timber pilings under it were no longer safe. It was over this same stream that the writer crossed on a U.S. Army-built bridge in June, 1944, wading in water nearly to his hips on top of the bridge! Those were the days when the army engineers hadn't believed the Hukawng Valley could flood so easily, and had made the road level considerably too low. The following year, they raised it quite a bit, and now after these many seasons the roadbed is still very firm.

At the Tanai River, we had to cross on a pontoon-float type of ferry, for the low water bamboo bridge was not quite finished for dry season traffic. The road is open from Myitkyina to Tanai throughout the year, but beyond that it is only during the dry months that vehicles attempt the trip to Shingbuiyang and on into the hills. The American-built bridges over smaller streams have not been replaced, but each dry season temporary bridges have been put up at lower levels alongside the main road, and we crossed a number of creeks on these.

Less than 10 miles beyond the Tanai River we came to the Tawang, which during the rainy season is a wide and treacherous river. I well remember how in June, 1944, the first bridge built by U. S. Army engineers across it (some 900 feet long) was washed away when the bridge fell **upstream** into the river. There is only sand in the bed of the Tawang River, and when the force of the water washed the sand out from under the upstream pilings supporting the bridge, it tilted in that direction, and finally fell into the river and was washed away. But now, it was the month of December, and the mighty river had shrunk to a tiny, swift stream perhaps 75 feet wide and

4 feet deep. We crossed a long stretch of sand and then were ferried across on pontoon floats by Kachin boatmen stationed there by the government. It was shallow enough and slightly upstream so that GMC trucks could ford it.

The road between the Tawang River and the Tarung, nearly 20 miles farther west, has been used so little that it has become a one-lane track, with tall elephant grass growing on both sides, on the remaining portions of the wide-shouldered road which it used to be. We passed 2 or 3 small Kachin villages, bedraggled and forlorn-looking in the midst of the heavy jungle, and thus were most pleasantly surprised to find a neat and well-cared for little state school, just on the bank of the Tarung. The building had a little signboard over it, indicating what it was for. A nicely white-washed rack held a number of water buckets for fire prevention, and the appearance of the entire place was very, very good. In sad contrast was a rather large-sized field of opium poppies, being cultivated right next to this school by some villager — quite symbolic of the problems facing this new government of the Union of Burma.

As we were ferried across the rather deep Tarung River, we could see snow-covered mountains upstream to the north, forming the approaches to the eastern spur of the Himalayas. Some of the peaks we saw were probably 12,000 feet high. There on the west bank of the Tarung, I could pick out the site of the little garden developed by Rev. Brayton Case early in 1944, when I assisted him in trying to get seeds and young plants distributed to Kachin refugees who were beginning to move back into the valley, as the fighting was moving on towards Myitkyina. However, except for the absence of large trees, it now looked the same as the rest of the surrounding jungle.

And so, we had less than 20 miles to Shingbuiyang and no more rivers to ferry.

The road continued to be only a one-lane trail, but the surface was quite good, and before long we could see the Naga Hills approaching nearer and nearer, and knew that "Shing" could not be very far away.

At two points we came upon large dumps of truck bodies, cabs and frames, and various types of equipment from the pipe line, all of which had been brought out of the jungle by Coolies hired by the Industrial Development Corporation of the Burma Government, to be hauled down country later on. And then, we got to the end of the Shingbuiyang Airfield. Although some grass was growing through the black top at the upper end of the

field, it still is quite usable — but there it lies, just a black swath in the midst of heavy grass and jungle.

Crossing the field, the road swung down and to the left, and we caught a view of the village of Shingbuiyang itself, with the Naga Hills rising sharply beyond it.

In the foreground lay the well-cleared compound of the school which the Kachin Christians had opened for Naga children, and beyond that were the 40 or 50 crowded, thatched huts which constitute Shing today. Quite a contrast to the bustling metropolis it was in 1944, with American troops all over the place!

There now seem to be two main occupations in Shingbuiyang — either brewing rice liquor, or collecting old parts from the jungle, where they have been lying since the war.

With a considerable floating population — Naga, Kachin, Lisu, etc. — one easily gets the impression that it is quite similar to a "wide-open" western town of several decades ago in the U. S.

WE WERE WELCOMED most cordially by the teachers and pupils of the little school, and put up in a nice bamboo house, completed not many weeks before. Around the school building was a nice white border, which on closer inspection proved to be made of old mortar shell holders, partly imbedded in the ground and the exposed parts white-washed.

Tables for guests to eat from were nothing but the big empty "spools" on which at one time had been wound the field wire used by the Army Signal Corps. Although a few wooden chairs were in evidence, many of the "stools" were the steel holders which had contained bombs 12 or 13 years before.

Some most ingenious uses were being made of these materials, brought to Burma more than a decade before for such different purposes.

The truck, which had gone on to Namlip for Christmas there, returned to Shingbuiyang that same evening. The 25 young people riding on it had quite a story to tell of how they had had to dig out slides, etc., to get the truck to within 1½ miles of Namlip, and then had been forced to leave it at that point.

(The portion of the Ledo Road over the Naga Hills usually is reopened each year sometime in January, and then is blocked again in April as the rainy season begins.)

The 15 bags of rice and salt which they had hauled up for the famine area around Namlip had been carried the remaining distance, and their observance of Christmas the day following had been a most happy experience. And now they had returned safely, complete with their little bagpipe band and all, for another Christmas at Shing.

(In the Kachin area, villages celebrate Christmas any time between December 15 and 31st, and thus by staggering the dates, people can share in more than one celebration!)

Thus, the day following (December 30th) was "Christmas" for the folk at Shingbuiyang, and we made it as complete as possible. In the morning, we held a Christmas service, when the old but ever-wonderful story of Bethlehem and its meaning was told for some who had never heard it before.

Half a dozen Naga men from a less civilized area four or five days' journey to the west were present, wearing not much more than a breech-clout and a blanket, with a few beads added, and a well-sharpened knife in a scabbard hanging down the middle of the back.

Used Christmas cards, sent out by friends in the States, were distributed to all present. The bright colors and pretty pictures were much appreciated.

In the afternoon, a few races for the boys and girls were held, and packets of salt, wrapped in leaves, were distributed to the chiefs and elders who were present. After sundown, pictures were shown and then the young people who had arrived on the truck gave a Christmas program which was augmented by a choir of Naga boys and girls from the little school three days' journey away, who had walked in just for the big event.

All in all, it really was quite a big event for the more than 200 who had come from near and far, and also for those of us who had driven up from Myitkyina to share in Christmas at Shingbuiyang in 1956.

—THE END.

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BOOK REVIEWS



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

WIND BETWEEN THE WORLDS. By Robert Ford. 343 pages. David McKay Company, New York, 1957. \$4.50.

The experiences of a British radio technician who was working for the Tibetan government in eastern Tibet when the Chinese Communists took over. He tells of his imprisonment, four years of hell, and final release.

THE RED FORT. By James Leasor. 383 pages. Reynal and Company, New York, 1957. \$5.

Old Delhi-wallahs will be familiar with the Delhi locale of this story of the Indian mutiny of 1857. The assault on Delhi was the climax of that uprising. It is the story of great men and foolish ones—and a feat of arms.

FAR, FAR THE MOUNTAIN PEAK. By John Masters. 471 pages. The Viking Press, New York, 1957. \$5.

Another novel of India by the former officer of the Indian Army who says he's going to write 35. This is the sixth. About a British civil servant who is determined to climb a mountain at all costs until he reevaluates.

THE SMALL WOMAN. By Alan Burgess. 256 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1957. \$3.95.

Story of Gladys Aylward, penniless young London parlormaid who became a legendary missionary and spy in China. Known as "The Virtuous One," she led 100 homeless children to safety on an epic journey over war-ravaged mountains.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF JAMES A. MICHENER. By James A. Michener. 436 pages. Modern Library, New York, 1957. \$1.65.

Parts of *Tales of the South Pacific*, *Return to Paradise*, and *The Voice of Asia*, and all of *The Bridges at Toko-ri*. A lot of reading in a hard-bound volume at a low price. Michener's best Pacific tales included.

A NOSTALGIA FOR CAMELS. By Christopher Rand. 279 pages. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1957. \$3.75.

A collection of sketches about Asia—brief and meaningful episodes in Oriental life as observed by a Western reporter.

R. K. Narayan, the Indian novelist, calls the book "a rich parade of Asian types in readable form."

AIRPOWER, THE DECISIVE FORCE IN KOREA. By James T. Stewart. 318 pages. D. Van Nostrand Company, Princeton, 1957. \$6.50.

Articles on important individual facets of the aerial conflict during the war in Korea. The chapters of this book originally appeared in the *Air University Quarterly Review*. The book is illustrated.

SHADOW OF THE MOON. By Mary Kaye. 351 pages. Julian Messner, New York, 1957. \$3.95.

Historical novel of India at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny, just one hundred years ago. Romance of a young girl and an official of the East India Company. The terrible Sepoy uprising is portrayed.

THE REEFS OF TAPROBANE. By Arthur C. Clarke. 205 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1957. \$5.

This is a narrative of underwater adventures around Ceylon—the discovery of sunken ships, underwater fishing and underwater photography among the reefs off the coast. The author has written similarly of the reefs around Australia.

SUSHILA. By Graham McInnes. 315 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1957. \$3.95.

The novel is a story of the daughter of a Hindu father and an American mother who becomes a famous painter but an unhappy, self-centered woman. The descriptions of Indian life have been described as "vivid and interesting."

THE PEOPLE WIN THROUGH. By U Nu. 191 pages. Taplinger Publishing Company, New York, 1957. \$3.75.

A strongly anti-Communist play by the Prime Minister of Burma. The play has been performed in the United States by the Pasadena Playhouse. Edward Hunter writes a long biographical introduction.

MOSCOW-PEKING AXIS. By Howard L. Boorman and others. 227 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1957. \$3.50.

A study of the strengths and strains of the alliance between Russia and Red China. Alexander Eckstein, Philip E. Mosely, and Benjamin Schwartz, all students of foreign relations, are also contributors to the book.

THE CONQUERORS. By Andre Malraux. 193 pages. The Beacon Press, Boston, 1956. \$1.25.

A story of the Chinese Revolution of the 1920s. It is a novel of a few months spent at the headquarters of the Kuomintang in Canton. It has been described as "oddly terrifying." Large-size paper-back volume.

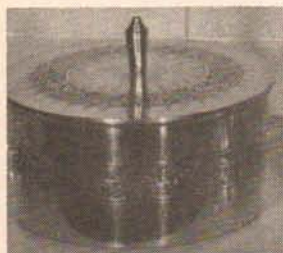
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No Streetcars in Patna

By R. A. Welfle, S. J.

IN A RECENT letter from America, a friend of mine who is constantly on the prowl for new knowledge, asked a question that had nothing whatever to do with rickshaws. And that's how I happened to start thinking about them.

The question was: "What is the population of Patna? Is it big enough to have streetcars?"

This struck me, from a purely scientific point of view, as a highly stimulating question. By way of reply it may be mentioned that the latest census, taken in 1951, credits the fair city of Patna with a population of 282,000. But whether or not that figure is sufficiently large to entitle the town to have streetcars is a delicate point which at present is engaging the best brains in the research department.

In the meantime — that is to say, until such time as the department is prepared to make known its findings — we may state that the city of Patna has absolutely no streetcars. And what is more, the present writer ventures to predict that Patna will never have any streetcars.

This prognostication is based firmly on a fundamental tendency in human nature which prompts 'Homo Sapiens' to abhor a streetcar whenever he can ride in a taxi. And here in Patna a man can always ride in a taxi, because he can always ride in a rickshaw.

To put that another way, and perhaps more succinctly, it may be said that the rickshaw is the common man's taxi. Or if one should wish to state the same truth in the form of a slogan, it might go something like this: "Rickshaws on call—taxis for all."

The point we wish to make is the impressive fact that Patna simply abounds with rickshaws. Indeed, our attention has been called to a fine piece of research in which some one has recently calculated that if all the rickshaws in Patna were placed in a line end to end, those at the extremity of either end would end up beyond the city limits, and hence could not strictly be reckoned as rickshaws in Patna.

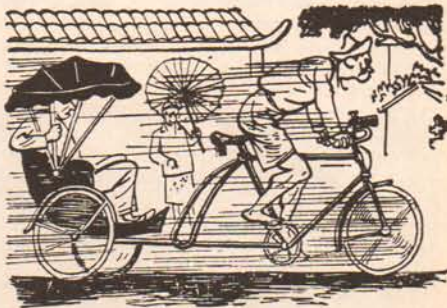
However, be that as it may, for the sake of those whose travels have never taken them East of Suez, it may be well to give some idea of what we are talking about. In other words, just what is a rickshaw?

That, we may say, is the very heart of the matter.

Of course, to answer that question adequately would take us far beyond the scope of the present study. But briefly we may say that the term "rickshaw" is applied to a type of conveyance that may take various forms. For instance, the earliest known design, which is still in service in some cities, e. g., Calcutta, may be described as a miniature buggy seat, mounted on an axle between two light wheels, and with a narrow pair of shafts sticking out in front. Instead of a horse, a barefooted man runs along between the shafts, pulling on them to produce the desired locomotion. It may be mentioned that the seat is inclined to be quite skimpy in size. In fact it can accommodate only one passenger comfortably, and even then he must not be too broad in the beam.

However, often as not the seat perforce accommodates more than one uncomfortably. It may also be mentioned that the seat is equipped with a convertible top, which can be raised over head as a shield against a blazing sun, or to ward off a shower of rain. Moreover, during a monsoon downpour a canvas front and side curtains can be fastened in place to keep out some of the heavy weather.

No doubt this old type of rickshaw nobly served its purpose, but today it has been almost universally replaced by the more modern cycle rickshaw. For the sake of accuracy, this should really be called a tricycle rickshaw, for it is actually a three-wheeler. Moreover, it follows the common tricycle pattern for the arrangement of the wheels. At least this is true of the three-wheeler used in India. This point should



be carefully noted, for Burma also has a three-wheeler but it deviates from the genuine tricycle design. To wit, it has two

wheels in line, like an ordinary bicycle, and the third is off to one side supporting an out-rigger on which is mounted a snug little side-car for the passenger.

If the author were permitted to express a personal opinion at this juncture, he would be inclined to declare his preference for the India three-wheeler which adheres strictly to the tricycle formation, with the passenger seat mounted over the two back wheels. This pure and unadulterated tricycle disposition of the wheels makes for beauty of design, and at the same time gives the driver ease and efficiency and comfort in manipulation. For the driver pedals this contraption like an ordinary tricycle, and steers it with a pair of ordinary handlebars, while seated just in front of the passenger on an ordinary bicycle seat.

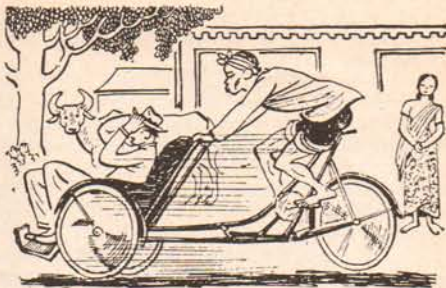
But it may be pointed out here that even this unadulterated tricycle design admits of an intriguing variation. And, according to reliable information, this variation is actually in use in Indonesia where the so-called "betjak" is really a tricycle rickshaw in reverse. That is to say, the passenger seat is mounted over the two wheels, but this seat comes first like the bumper on a car, while the pedaler is seated over the third wheel in the rear.

Incidentally, it may be noted here that this fact — namely the fact that the driver is *seated* while operating the rickshaw is of prime significance. One might even say that it calls for special attention. Its importance stems from the fact that it produces in the passenger a soothing psychological effect which was entirely lacking in the old "pulling" type of rickshaw.

If the author may be permitted to illustrate the point in question with a personal experience, he would like to mention that he always harbored a strong prejudice against the old style rickshaw. He always experienced a certain repugnance to being pulled around in a kind of buggy by a fellow human being. Then one day a friend who had long since overcome all such squeamishness asked the author this question: If you had to earn your bread and butter by one of the following occupations, which of the three would you prefer — to dig ditches? To shovel coal as a fireman on the railway? Or to pull a rickshaw?

The author replied that he got the point alright, and readily admitted that to pull a rickshaw was perhaps no more difficult than the other two. Nevertheless, he still maintained that to place a human being between a pair of shafts and have him pull a buggy was inhumane, because it reduced "homo sapiens" to the level of an animal.

Anyway, be that as it may, the point



scarcely need crop up for discussion any more, since, as we have seen, the modern cycle rickshaw provides a seat for the pedaler and he now rides along on the conveyance quite as comfortably as the passenger.

The driver's work, however, remains perhaps just as hard as before. And the remuneration for his labor is pitifully low. In this connection, it must be mentioned that very rarely does a driver have sufficient capital to own his own rickshaw. He has to rent it from some agency — from some rich individual who has discovered that rickshaw business is a sound investment. The poor driver therefore has no fixed daily income. His pecuniary emolument depends upon how lucky he is in picking up fares, and it is highly probable that there are days when he scarcely covers the rental charge of his rickshaw.

All this together with the sound medical argument that pedaling a rickshaw is highly deleterious to a man's health, accounts for the fact that periodically sympathetic citizens are inclined to support an agitation to bann the use of rickshaws. As a matter of fact, such an agitation is under way at the present sitting. And the movement is spearheaded by no less a person than Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the Minister of Health in New Delhi. Just recently, said minister announced that the State Governments have been requested not to issue licenses for any more rickshaws to be put into service. And one immediate reaction to this was a sit-down strike by the rickshaw men in Lucknow, who demanded that Government should first supply them with other occupations before depriving them of their present means of livelihood.

So, you see, this rickshaw business presents a social problem that is not going to be an easy nut to crack — if such a homely figure of speech may be used in this scholarly treatise. While it is undeniably true that the rickshaw man's lot in life is not an enviable one, nevertheless were rickshaws to be completely banned, thousands of men would find themselves overnight without any employment whatsoever. Moreover what would be the

plight of the common middle-class citizen for whom the rickshaw is a taxi within his means?

These are some of the aspects of the problem that must be pondered. Tentatively we may suggest that perhaps a solution is to be found in the latest development in rickshaws, namely the motorcycle rickshaw. It must be admitted that this vehicle has been slowly but steadily nosing up to the front in the field of transportation. Essentially it is the same as a cycle rickshaw except that it is propelled by a motorcycle engine and thus does away with the unwholesome labor of pedaling. It must be conceded, however, that the difference in fare presents another problem. Moreover all the rickshaw men would have to be competent to drive a motorcycle, and . . . Well, there you are, as the drunk exclaimed when he bumped into the lamp post.

So, what to do? Must we, in spite of the author's prediction to the contrary, envision Patna at a not too distant date as a city crawling with streetcars? God forbid! But if such a tragedy should ever come to pass, the author for one will insist on living in the glorious past. For instance, he will regale his soul with memory of the day when two portly Fathers, clad in immaculate white cassocks, were squeezed into the same rickshaw and the front wheel collapsed under the strain, and the two dignified clerics were unceremoniously deposited in sprawling postures on the street, right in the busiest section of the bazaar, to the hilarious amusement of all and sundry who witnessed the scene. And at the recollection of this delightful incident, the author will exclaim with a wistful sigh: "Oh, for the good old days of the rickshaw!" —THE END.

Magic Mahuas of Calcutta

From The Calcutta Statesman

IT IS NOT uncommon in Calcutta to see a crowd milling around a snake-charmer or a street magician showing his wares. But something less ordinary is being seen in Kidderpore, where the curious and the hopeful gather around mahua trees supposedly endowed with therapeutic qualities.

The visitor will see, beneath each tree, people of all ages, palms stretched flat on the ground a few feet from the trunk, awaiting the magnetism that will draw them to the trunk and heal their bodily ills.

Sometimes one may see a man on all fours in humility and devotion, for he has received the blessing. His hands have been drawn.

A few weeks ago the crowds were small, but as rumor spread the concourse swelled around the trees and passers-by began to test the leafy doctor.

People gathered about the trees say that rheumatism, for instance, is cured if sufferers sit regularly by a mahua tree for some days, they will be finally blessed by being drawn towards its trunk. Unfortunately not all the patients are so blessed, but there seems no lack either of faith or of patronage.

But how did all this begin? It was by the merest chance that I came across the story of how Besai Jaiswara, a middle-

aged employee of the Calcutta Port, met a sadhu (holy man) in his native village in Fyzabad district some two months ago.

Besai had been suffering rheumatic pains in the thigh, back and neck. Asked for a recipe, the sadhu bade Besai bathe and get a handful of sunbaked husked rice which he must scatter about the trunk of a mahua tree. He must then make obeisance before it and sit facing the tree with his palms resting flat on the ground a few feet from the trunk.

After some time, Besai's palms began to move towards the tree and in a few minutes reached the trunk. Besai was advised to practice this ritual on Tuesdays and Saturdays for two months. He did so and was unburdened of his aches and pains altogether. He says now that unswerving faith will bring its reward to any sufferer. —THE END.

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10th Annual Reunion

"We're here to have fun, and to pay homage to our departed comrades."—Lester Dencker.

TEN YEARS from now, when we have attended the 20th Annual CBI Reunion, we doubt that it would be possible to look back upon any of these affairs without observing that they seem to become bigger and better with each passing year.

The 10th Annual Reunion at Detroit, August 8-11, was equally as outstanding as any previous convention. And the attendance was excellent—one of the largest crowds of CBI-ers we have ever seen. Nearly 200 had arrived the night before the Reunion began.

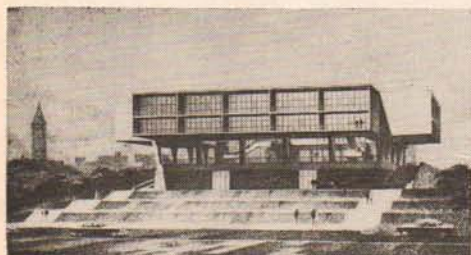
A highlight of the Reunion was the moonlight cruise aboard the *Ste. Marie* to Bob-Lo Island on Thursday night. Liquid refreshments and food was available, and a small band furnished music for dancing.

On Friday the group enjoyed an interesting, educational tour through the Plymouth automobile plant, followed by luncheon as guests of the Chrysler Corporation.

Friday evening was Puja Night. Hundreds of delegates and their wives costumed themselves in the attire of natives of India, Burma and China. Detroiters will remember this night, for the U.S. Air Force Band and local police led a parade of the costumed delegates down several blocks of the business district. The stunt was televised locally.

Dancing was held for the Puja in the Sheraton-Cadillac's main ballroom.

At the brief Saturday morning business meeting, CBIVA Past Commander Lester Dencker told delegates the CBI Veterans Association will have a permanent home in Milwaukee, the city at which the first Reunion was held in 1948. A magnificent new Veterans Memorial Building is nearing completion in Milwaukee and CBIVA will have office space therein.



ARCHITECTS DRAWING of the projected Milwaukee County War Memorial Center. CBIVA's permanent headquarters will be in this beautiful building.

As announced previously, the 1958 Reunion will be held at Cincinnati. Philadelphia, site of a new Basha, has invited delegates to convene there in 1959. A bid for the 1960 convention is expected from San Francisco. Houston, scene of the wonderful blowout last year, hopes to stage the 1961 Reunion.

John Dawson, 1956-57 National Vice-Commander, was elected Commander for the coming year.

Other officers elected include Wayne Keller, Senior Vice-Commander; and Samuel Meranda, Judge Advocate.

Appointive officers include Dr. J. J. Kazar, Surgeon-General; Tom Staed, Service Officer; Mae Bissell, Historian; Fr. Ed Glavin, Chaplain; Dante Barcella, Public Relations; Eugene Brauer, Adjutant.

Junior Vice Commanders: South, Manly Keith; North, Red Adams; West, Harold Kretchmar; East, Haldor Reinholt.

The Commander's Banquet on Saturday night was a spectacular, thanks to hard-working Bill Martienssen.



AERIAL VIEW of the new Milwaukee County War Memorial Center which will house the CBI Veterans Association's national headquarters.

THE REUNION PHOTOS shown on the two pages following this article were taken by Alec Taylor of the Motor City Basha. Taylor offers any six of these photos, 4x6 size, for only \$1.50 postpaid. Write Alec Taylor, 458 McKinley Ave., Grosse Pointe 36, Mich.

Dancing was held afterward. The many Basha Hospitality rooms were open and filled. Beer for the Milwaukee Room was furnished, as always, by Schlitz; Sausage and rhubarb wine from the Amana colonies.

Sure, the 10th Annual Reunion was fun. They're all fun. Maybe you'll make it next year, eh? —THE END.





OCTOBER, 1957

Land of the Lizzard

By R. A. Welfle, S. J.

SOMETIME OR other in your readings you have probably seen India referred to as the "Land of The Lotus." That no doubt is a very nice title; also one that is quite justified. Personally, however, I prefer to change the "Lotus" into "Lizzard," and I'll tell you why.

Lizzards have been the boon companions of my life in India right from the very beginning. The day I landed in Bombay — more than 25 years ago now — I set out across country by train for Patna, and on the way I stopped off at Agra, to see the famous Taj Mahal. That night I lodged in a hotel. When I went to my room and turned on the light, what was my surprise to find the room already occupied by a family of little lizzards.

For some time I was highly amused as I watched them playfully chasing one another around the walls and over the ceiling. But then I began to wonder. Much as I liked these little fellows, I wasn't at all sure that I would care to have them playing hide and seek all over my bed during the night.

So I went back to the clerk at the desk, to get his views on the matter.

"Say," I said, "I don't want to be troublesome, but there are lizzards in that room you gave me."

With a disarming smile, he replied, "I know, there are lizzards in all the rooms." Then, with what struck me as rather heavy humor, he added, "But we make no extra charges for them."

He went on to explain that after I had become better acquainted with the country I would find that most of the buildings in India are likely to be inhabited by little wall-lizzards. He assured me that they were perfectly harmless. Indeed, he claimed that it is a great blessing to have them "knocking about," for they devour mosquitos and other pestiferous insects.

Moreover, he maintained that in the long history of the hotel no one had ever been disturbed in sleep by a lizzard. However, in case I did not feel perfectly at ease about this, all I had to do was to tuck in the mosquito net securely beneath the mattress before going to bed, and no lizzard could possibly enter. Later, I followed these instructions and slept soundly, just as he had predicted.

The following day I went on to Patna, and in due course found myself assigned to the role of teaching Scholastic in our

Mission school at Bettiah. It was not long before the boys in my class somehow came to know that I liked lizzards, so one day a lad brought me four small white eggs, which he said were freshly laid lizzard eggs. Of course I was quite intrigued with them.

They were about the size of sparrow eggs, but the shells, instead of being hard and brittle and fragile like bird eggs, were rather soft and tough and rubbery. I was having a lot of fun bouncing them on my desk when it occurred to me that it would be a nice act of brotherly love to share the eggs with a Scholastic friend of mine, who also liked lizzards, and who had just recently gone to the south of India to begin his course of Philosophy.

So I got a small wooden box in which I carefully packed two of the eggs in cotton and sent them off by parcel post. It would take at least a week for them to reach him. In the meantime, I intended to keep the other two eggs on my desk, where I could play with them at will, but unfortunately the very next morning the man who cleaned the rooms thought that the eggs had got on my desk by mistake so he threw them out.

Naturally I wanted to throw him out when I discovered this tragedy. However, I soon came to regard it as a blessing in disguise, for when I heard from my friend in the south, I was greatly surprised to find him all steamed up and writing in a nasty, hostile strain. Instead of being delighted with the eggs as I had anticipated, he wrote sarcastically: "Very, very funny! The next time you want to pull a practical joke, I suggest that you first try it out on the cat!"

Then I learned that the eggs had hatched enroute and when the parcel was opened, my friend found not two little lizzards, but a pair of baby *kraits*. In case you have never heard of a krait, let me hasten to inform you that it is one of the deadliest snakes in India — in the same class as the cobra. And I have it on good authority that they possess a lethal charge of venom the very moment they are born. Fortunately those two little sons of Satan had already died from lack of nourishment when my friend opened his surprise package. The boy who had given me the eggs in the first place, when questioned, was prepared to swear on a stack of bibles of any given height that he really thought they were lizzard eggs.

SOME YEARS later I had a similar experience of mistaken identity. I was saying my Breviary in a small frame church walking up and down the center aisle. I had just reached the back of the church and turned to do another lap up towards the sanctuary when I heard a dull plop right behind me. I thought it was just another lizzard that had lost its footing and fallen from the ceiling, as they sometimes do. So, mindful that one should not yield to unnecessary distractions during prayer, I did not bother to look back and investigate.

I continued on my course up the aisle, reached the communion rail, and started back again. But as I approached the rear of the church, for some reason — no doubt my Guardian Angel knows all about it — my eyes strayed up over the edge of my Breviary, and an icicle slid down my spine. For there on the floor in front of me lay a devilish krait!

There was a wire overhead with a hook on the end, on which to hang a lantern, and the wire was suspended from a rafter up under the roof. Apparently the krait had come down this wire, and had chosen that precise movement to drop behind me to give me a nasty scare. I should have known that no lizzard would have been capable of such a dastardly trick.

However, once I did witness the fall of a lizzard in almost identical circumstances. But the poor little fellow couldn't help it, and he had the good grace to fall in front of me, instead of sneaking up from behind.

This incident also took place when I was reciting my Breviary pacing up and down the center aisle of a church. But this time the church was the Lahore cathedral, which is a grand structure, surmounted by a large graceful dome. From the floor of the cathedral to the apex of the dome must be all of 200 feet, and when I had cast my eyes heavenwards just before starting my Breviary, I was surprised to see two little lizzards playing tag away up there in the dome.

With something like tender solicitude, I wondered what would happen if one of them should fall from such a height. I soon got the answer — I was just getting well into my Breviary when one of the lizzards came down right smack in front of me with a resounding plop! I was amazed to see that it was still all in one piece. And apparently it merely had the wind knocked out of it, for it remained glued to the spot for a few moments, then scampered over the wall, and began to climb right back up to where it had come from.

That expression "glued to the spot" just reminded me of a nasty trick that I once

played on two of the nicest lizzards that ever shared a room with me.

It happened during my final year of Jesuit training, which is called Tertianship. When I arrived at this said Tertianship, and took up residence in the room that had been assigned to me, two fine little lizzards also moved in and made their home right up on my desk behind the book rack.

Being so close like that, we naturally became very friendly. I called them Izzie and Lizzie, and they called me — I mean to say that we were really on intimate terms. Even during the daytime I could coax them out from their den by making a low clucking sound with my lips; in the evening they came out without any coax-

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ing at all. For in the absence of electricity in those primitive days, I had a common kerosene lamp on my desk, which attracted many, many gnats, and mosquitos and moths. Thus Izzie and Lizzie had a first-class feast every evening and I had no end of fun watching them.

But one evening some imp of mischief must have entered into me, for I caught a fair-sized moth and covered its undercarriage with a good coating of glue. Then I stuck it to the wall right next to the lamp. Its wings were free to flutter, but being glued to the spot, it immediately got terribly excited and created a lively commotion. Izzie was the first to go into action. He came rushing out from behind the book rack, took just one good look at that lovely morsel of moth, and clamped on to it firmly with his jaws.

But the very next moment he was trying frantically to get rid of it. He put himself in fast reverse in an effort to back away from that sticky mess, but it went right along with him. Then he shook his head violently from side to side, but he couldn't get free, so finally he became absolutely panicky and began jumping straight up and down.

By this time Lizzie had come on the scene. For a moment she could only stare pop-eyed at Izzie's strange antics, trying to figure out what was wrong with him. Then she made a grab for the moth and began pulling, while Izzie pulled in the opposite direction. Sure enough, Izzie got loose, and immediately began licking his jaws. But now Lizzie was stuck fast to the moth, and working like mad to get rid of it.

To Izzie's shame it must be recorded that he did not show the least trace of gallantry. He made no effort whatever to go to Lizzie's rescue. It was I who held on to the moth while Lizzie pulled herself free.

All this was really funny while it lasted, but afterwards I felt terribly mean for having played such a lowdown trick on poor Izzie and Lizzie. I was also afraid that it would end our friendship. I expected that by next morning they would have cleared out, never again to return.

But I might have known that they were far too broad-minded for that. The fact is that they took the whole thing merely as a joke, just as I had intended it to be. And then one morning a week or so later I came back to my room after breakfast to find Izzie and Lizzie proudly showing off their new progeny of three tiny baby lizzards. These little dragons were so cute that I just couldn't help making a tremendous fuss over them.

And of course this pleased Izzie and

Lizzie no end. It also gave me great peace of soul and joy of heart, for I felt that I was thus making amends for all past meanness on my part.

And so Izzie and Lizzie and their little ones and I lived happily together for many and many a day thereafter.

—THE END.



*News dispatches from recent issues of
The Calcutta Statesman*

TEZPUR—A total rainfall of 281 inches has hit this former U.S. airbase town in the short space of two months.

CALCUTTA—The Calcutta Tramways Co. will introduce three-coach trams soon. The first two cars will be for second class passengers, the third for first class.

DIBRUGARH—An early monsoon has resulted in the dislocation of telegraph lines in Dibrugarh. The Brahmaputra River and its tributaries are in spate.

GOLAGHAT—John G. MacIntosh of Digulturrung Tea Estate, Doom Dooma, was killed in a flying accident on May 12th.

BOMBAY—A new 2-rupee note will make its appearance in India soon.

ALLAHABAD—Forty-eight children have been lifted by hyenas in the villages of Sirathu tehsel during the last month. No trace of the missing children have been found and panic prevails in the villages, reports indicate.

JORHAT—The flooded Brahmaputra river is threatening to erode 180 villages, covering an area of about 200 square miles and a population of 40,000. The flood waters which submerged a large portion of southwestern Jorhat have now receded (July 28).

CALCUTTA—An agreement has been reached between General Motors Corp. of America and Hindusthan Motors Ltd. of Calcutta for progressive manufacture of cars and trucks at the Calcutta plant.

CALCUTTA—Sir John Rutherford Smith, who entertained thousands of British and American servicemen in his Park Street residence during the war, succumbed to the flu in August. He was 72.

CBI-er's Viewpoint

This month's question:

"Stateside newspapers during the war frequently referred to CBI as 'Confusion Beyond Imagination,' implying that 300,000-odd men and women of U.S. Forces were accomplishing nothing to further the war effort. Do you think CBI-ers accomplished their missions, and do you believe it could have been accomplished with fewer personnel?"

Though several replies were received, we thought this one from Senator Ruppenthal was best.

L. H. RUPPENTHAL, McPherson, Kan., former State Senator, Attorney, Colonel, Deputy Chief of Staff, India-China Division, Air Transport Command.

"Perhaps CBI would have accomplished its mission with fewer than 300,000 personnel. But if the Jap resistance had continued another year, twice that number would not have been enough.

"Due to the chronology of events, in retrospect, the political overtones of the CBI Theater's war effort outweigh the apparent military accomplishments. While I do not recall the mission given the CBI by the War Department directive, the accomplishments of the Theater's forces would have paid off in the all-out offensive scheduled for the fall of 1945.

"The CBI Theater was at the end of the longest supply line in all military history with the lowest priority of any Theater of Operation. Consequently, we had to live off the country to the extent we could do so without injury to the nationals in the Theater.

"The CBI war effort gave hope to a China weakened by years of Japanese occupation; supplied China with essentials of war; engaged in a holding action to prevent further enemy aggression; trained thousands of Chinese soldiers to use modern tactics and equipment; re-took Burma and other territory from the enemy; softened up the enemy's industrial potential and entrenchments; and effectively cut Japan's supply lines from the Southeast to the home islands.

"All of this was done in spite of enormous handicaps. Aside from the logistical problems of a 6 to 8 month lead time for supplies, the around-the-clock common enemy of all personnel was the unhealthy climate, rampant disease and filth.

"In addition, the organizations of the Air Force had to accomplish their missions, strategic, tactical or supply, over the high, rugged terrain of The Hump and the jungles and in spite of the world's

most treacherous flying weather, in-flight and terminal, with inadequate communications, intelligence and weather information.

"With V-E Day, the full might of the allied forces turned to Japan. A vast armada then on the high seas and scheduled to invade the South China coast was halted by the Japanese capitulation.

"Did the war effort of CBI pay off? An incident within my personal experience convinces me that it did.

"One of the last missions assigned to our outfit was to airlift Chinese General Tang En Po's 94th Chinese Army of 30,000 from Liuchow in South Central China 1100 air miles to Shanghai to take over police control from the Japs. A pipeline of 25 C-54's from Kurmitola and Tezgaon bases was alerted. The procedure was to take off from home bases with all tanks full of fuel and a full load of packaged gas for cargo, fly to Liuchow, unload gas cargo, top out tanks with enough fuel to fly round trip to Shanghai and have a margin of reserve fuel for holding, if necessary. Then load a company of Chinese soldiers, lift them to Shanghai, turn around and fly back to Liuchow, refuel and fly to home base for maintenance, and repeat.

"As O/C of the movement's forward echelon, I was aboard the first C-54 to land at Shanghai at dawn of September 4, 1945, with a skeleton force of operations and technical experts who were to be based there and assist in quick turn around of the pipeline planes. We landed at the Ta Chang airport between rows of Japanese fighter and light bomber planes. In the rush of preparing the movement to begin, it was a day or two before we noticed that the wheels of every one of those Jap planes was sunk into the sod four to six inches! It was evident that they had not moved in months, and we wondered why?

"At first opportunity we enlisted the aid of the Chinese Theater command and the Japanese to locate stores of avigas for our use. The installations and godowns of the entire Shanghai area were searched and, when we hopefully received the report, there was exactly 750 gallons of poor quality Jap avigas in the area!

"I believe that was indicative of the lack of everything needed then by the enemy to prosecute the war. And the efforts of everyone in CBI contributed in some way to bring about that inability to wage war longer which resulted in the surrender of Japan."

The BLUE GANGES

By R. A. WELFLE, S. J.

ANY NUMBER of people would probably tell you that the Ganges is the loveliest river in the world. And I'm not saying that it isn't. I merely call attention to the fact that years ago a famous composer told the world that the murky waters of the Danube are "Blue," whereas a more modern songster, in the person of Spike Jones, now contends that they are green. Which just goes to show, doesn't it?

Anyway, let us go down to the Ganges River, and, pushing all corpses aside, plunge in for a dip. Normally I wouldn't think of it, but when the monsoon is running late, and the mercury crawls up to 115 in the shade, I feel like disclaiming any responsibility for my actions. Job himself, had he been afflicted with my full-blown crop of prickly heat, would have thrown all discretion to the winds, and himself to the crocodiles.

So, having passed through the fisherman's village of ramshackle huts and fragrant goats and naked brown bodies, we find ourselves standing on the muddy banks of the 'blue' Ganges. A short distance downstream, a thin column of smoke is towering up into a ruthless brazen sky. That means they are busy down at the burning ghat. Now have a look at the water immediately in front of us. For 50 feet out from shore it is covered with scum, and choked with weeds. But out near the middle of the river runs a long bar of dazzling white sand. It looks for all the world like a huge thigh bone that has been picked clean by the vultures and left to bleach in the sun. A lordly crane is stepping it off with ungainly strides on slender stilt-like legs. And some distance up the river is a sailboat riding high out of the water like an old Spanish galleon. Its sail is completely furled, for there isn't even the ghost of a breeze. Two men walking along the bank are pulling the boat with a rope. On the other side of the sandbar is the open current. That's where we want to go. A fisherman offers to row us over for two rupees. His boat is just a waterlogged hulk of rough timbers, about twenty feet long, roofed over in the middle with a bamboo matting. This whole 'wreck of the Hesperus' isn't worth two rupees. But anyway, my prickly heat says: "Let's go!"

As we push off from shore, my companion, still fresh from the States, screws up his face into a look of disgust, and points to a dark bulky form half submerged among the weeds.

"Gee, is that a . . .?"

"Yes, sir, that's exactly what it is. I told you we would probably run into a corpse."

Just ahead of the boat, something fat and ugly bobbed about in the water. It was about twice the size and shape of a pig. It took a lazy roll on the surface, and went down again.

"What was that?"

"A nadi ka sur."

"A what?"

"River-hog. They're perfectly harmless. Good scavengers."

"Scavengers?"

"Yeah. They keep the river clean. That sorta thing. I wouldn't think of swimming in this water if it weren't for the river hogs."

We reach the bar, and jump ashore. The fine white sand is swell. But over on the other side, just where we want to take off for our dip, a gang of raw-necked vultures are making a great fuss over a feast. They're busy with a dead goat. Both of us take up stones. As we approach, vultures take fright, and a final helping of the carcass, and fly off.

Now for our dip. A small side-wheeler is paddling up stream just off the sandbar. As we rush in to get the rollers, the passengers flock to the rails and stare at us as though we are two white lunatics on the loose. Probably we are, but my companion doesn't like it.

"Haven't they ever seen a white man before?"

"It's just possible that they haven't. Anyway, just pretend they don't see you . . . Gee, isn't the water swell?"

"Did you say 'swill'?"

"By golly, my prickly heat feels better already. You know, as a kid, I never dreamed I would one day be swimming in the blue Ganges."

"Listen, why do you insist on painting this mud hole blue?"

A kingfisher poised in mid-air for a moment on whirring wings, then plummeted down to the surface of the water, and came up with a small fish.

"Nice performance, wasn't it? Did you notice the color of that kingfisher?"

"Sure. Black and white."

"Black and white! At last I know what's wrong with you. You haven't any poetry in your system. Just as sure as I'm now swimming in this lovely blue Ganges, that bird was pure blue!"

—THE END

Wants Indian Coins

● During my two-year stay in CBI I saved a few Indian coins to bring back home as souvenirs. Recently I lost the few I had. Would like to buy some Indian coins, particularly a silver rupee. Or will trade a Japanese rupee with a pagoda design.

FRANK B. HINSEY,
1127 Pennsylvania,
Pittsburgh 33, Pa.

Karachi-Ledo Tour

● Have enjoyed every issue and hope they keep coming for many more years. During my tour of duty I was in Karachi a short time, also spent many months in Ledo. Wonder if the Jim Wilkinson who has had several pictures in Roundup could be the same fellow who served in the 73rd Ordnance?

RICHARD W. ZOPF,
Dixon, Ill.

129th Chemical Proc. Co.

● Am counting on attending the 10th Annual CBI Reunion in Detroit next August. My service in India was with the 129th Chemical Processing Co. at Balijan Siding, Chabua, for some 19 months.

RALEIGH W. VANBRUNT,
Coral Gables, Fla.



TILED ROOFTOPS of Kunming, showing enlisted men's hosiery in foreground. Photo by Bill Safran.

112th Station Hospital

● Have been receiving Roundup since publication started 10 years ago and have enjoyed every issue. I was pharmacist with the 112th Station Hospital, also the 142nd General Hospital.

JOHN W. BOLEN,
Henderson, Tenn.

Monsoon Rains

● As you know, we have had lots of rain in this part of the U. S. and when I hear some of the people griping about it I just show them what some real rainfall is in parts of India. Some don't believe it, but they should have been over there with me!

RALPH H. BAKER,
Jackson, Mo.

Wife Knows India

● Enjoy the magazine more with each edition. Have heard so much of India from my husband I feel I know some of the places myself. Will miss the two "lost" issues but looking forward to the fall when they will start coming again.

Mrs. KENNETH DUKE,
Alexandria, Ohio.

988th Signal Bn.

● Just picked up a copy of the Oct. 1953 issue from a friend. As a CBI-er, I was surprised such a fine publication was in circulation and disappointed because I hadn't heard of it before. Let me know the current subscription rate and, if possible, what edition had the history of the 988th Signal Service Bn.

R. M. BABINEC,
N. Riverside, Ill.

Dogs and Officers

● Was a member of the CBI War Dog Detachment, having served at Sookerating, Assam. Enjoyed reading Roundup from cover to cover and especially like the CBI Dateline feature. Used to receive the Calcutta Statesman every day. Our group went over with 100 men and 100 dogs and two officers.

PAUL JEFFRIES,
Wyandanch, N. Y.
What's that again?—Ed.



ARMY PAY DAY at a jungle outpost in Burma. Troops are of a Negro Quartermaster Truck Co. Photo by Bill Safran.



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